Children's Stories from SHAKESPEARE

THE WINTER'S TALE

JH

UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA
School of Library

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL
00022093912

THE WINTER'S TALE:

AND OTHER STORIES.

FROM "MACBETH."

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

http://www.archive.org/details/winterstaleother00nesb

PRINCE FLORIZEL AND PERDITA

The Winter's Tale,

AND OTHER STORIES.

BY

E. NESBIT

AND

HUGH CHESSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY

FRANCES BRUNDAGE, M. BOWLEY,

Etc., etc.

Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd.
London · Paris · Berlin · New York

Publishers to Their Majesties the King & Queen
& to T.R.H. the Prince & Princess of Wales

PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

CONTENTS:

The Winter's Tale.

Macbeth.

Othello.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

LEONTES was the King of Sicily, and his dearest friend was Polixenes, King of Bohemia. They had been brought up together, and only separated when they reached man's estate and each had to go and rule over his kingdom. After many years, when each was married and had a son, Polixenes came to stay with Leontes in Sicily.

Leontes was a violent-tempered man and rather silly, and he took it into his stupid head that his wife, Hermione, liked Polixenes better than she did him, her own husband. When once he had got this into his head, nothing could put it out; and he ordered one of his lords, Camillo, to put a poison in Polixenes' wine. Camillo tried to dissuade him from this wicked action, but finding he was not to be moved, pretended to consent. He then told Polixenes what was proposed against him, and they fled from the Court of Sicily that night, and returned to Bohemia, where Camillo lived on as Polixenes' friend and counsellor.

Leontes threw the Queen into prison; and her son, the heir to the throne, died of sorrow to see his mother so unjustly and cruelly treated.

While the Queen was in prison she had a little baby, and a friend of hers,

named Paulina, had the baby dressed in its best, and took it to show the King, thinking that the sight of his helpless little daughter would soften his heart towards his dear Queen, who had never done him any wrong, and who loved him a great deal more than he deserved; but the King would not look at the baby, and ordered Paulina's husband to take it away in a ship, and leave it in the most desert and dreadful place he could find, which Paulina's husband, very much against his will, was obliged to do.

Then the poor Queen was brought up to be tried for treason in preferring Polixenes to her King; but really she had never thought of anyone except Leontes, her husband. Leontes had sent some messengers to ask the god, Apollo, whether he was not right in his cruel thoughts of the Queen. But he had not patience to wait till they

came back, and so it happened that they arrived in the middle of the trial. The Oracle said—

"Hermione is innocent, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Then a man came and told them that the little Prince was dead. The poor Queen, hearing this, fell down in a fit; and then the King saw how wicked and wrong he had been. He ordered Paulina and the ladies who were with the Queen to take her away, and try to restore her. But Paulina came back in a few moments, and told the King that Hermione was dead.

Now Leontes' eyes were at last opened to his folly. His Queen was dead, and the little daughter who might have been a comfort to him he had sent away to be the prey of wolves

and kites. Life had nothing left for him now. He gave himself up to his grief, and passed many sad years in prayer and remorse.

The baby Princess was left on the sea-coast of Bohemia, the very kingdom where Polixenes reigned. Paulina's husband never went home to tell Leontes where he had left the baby; for as he was going back to the ship,

he met a bear and was torn to pieces. So there was an end of him.

But the poor deserted little baby was found by a shepherd. She was richly dressed, and had with her some jewels, and a paper was pinned to her cloak, saying that her name was Perdita, and that she came of noble parents.

The shepherd, being a kind-hearted man, took home the little baby to his wife, and they brought it up as their own child. She had no more teaching than a shepherd's child generally has, but she inherited from her royal mother many graces and charms, so that she was quite different from the other maidens in the village where she lived.

One day Prince Florizel, the son of the good King of Bohemia, was hunting near the shepherd's house and saw Perdita, now grown up to a charming woman. He made friends with the

shepherd, not telling him that he was the Prince, but saying that his name was Doricles, and that he was a private gentleman; and then, being deeply in love with the pretty Perdita, he came almost daily to see her.

The King could not understand what it was that took his son nearly every day from home; so he set people to watch him, and then found out that the heir of the King of Bohemia was in love with Perdita, the pretty shepherd girl. Polixenes, wishing to see whether this was true, disguised himself, and went with the faithful Camillo, in disguise too, to the old shepherd's house. They arrived at the feast of sheep-shearing, and, though strangers, they were made very welcome. There was dancing going on, and a pedlar was selling ribbons and laces and gloves, which the young men bought for their sweethearts.

Florizel and Perdita, however, were taking no part in this gay scene, but sat quietly together talking. The King noticed the charming manners and great beauty of Perdita, never guessing that she was the daughter of his old friend, Leontes. He said to Camillo—

"This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever ran on the green sward. Nothing she does or seems but smacks of something greater than herself—too noble for this place."

And Camillo answered, "In truth she is the Queen of curds and cream."

But when Florizel, who did not recognise his father, called upon the strangers to witness his betrothal with the pretty shepherdess, the King made himself known and forbade the marriage, adding that if ever she saw Florizel again, he would kill her and her old father, the shepherd; and with

that he left them. But Camillo remained behind, for he was charmed with Perdita, and wished to befriend her.

Camillo had long known how sorry Leontes was for that foolish madness of his, and he longed to go back to Sicily to see his old master. He now proposed that the young people should go there and claim the protection of Leontes. So they went, and the shepherd went with them, taking Perdita's jewels, her baby clothes, and the paper he had found pinned to her cloak.

Leontes received them with great kindness. He was very polite to Prince Florizel, but all his looks were for Perdita. He saw how much she was like the Queen Hermione, and said again and again—

"Such a sweet creature my daughter might have been, if I had not cruelly sent her from me."

When the old shepherd heard that the King had lost a baby daughter, who had been left upon the coast of Bohemia, he felt sure that Perdita, the child he had reared, must be the King's daughter, and when he told his tale and showed the ewels and the paper, the King perceived that Perdita was indeed his long-lost child. He welcomed her with joy, and rewarded the good shepherd.

Polixenes had hastened after his on to prevent his marriage with Perdita, but when he found that she was the daughter of his old friend, he was only too glad to give his consent.

Yet Leontes could not be happy. He remembered how his fair Queen, who should have been at his side to share his joy in his daughter's happiness, was dead through his unkindness, and he could say nothing for a long time but—

"Oh, thy mother! thy mother!" and ask forgiveness of the King of Bohemia, and then kiss his daughter again, and then the Prince Florizel, and then thank the old shepherd for all his goodness.

Then Paulina, who had been high all these years in the King's favour, because of her kindness to the dead Queen Hermione, said—"I have a statue made in the likeness of the dead

Queen, a piece many years in doing, and performed by the rare Italian master, Giulio Romano. I keep it in a private house apart, and there, ever since you lost your Queen, I have gone twice or thrice a day. Will it please your Majesty to go and see the statue?"

So Leontes and Polixenes, and Florizel and Perdita, with Camillo and their attendants, went to Paulina's house where there was a heavy purple curtain screening off an alcove; and Paulina, with her hand on the curtain, said—

"She was peerless when she was alive, and I do believe that her dead likeness excels whatever yet you have looked upon, or that the hand of man hath done. Therefore I keep it lonely, apart. But here it is—behold, and say, 'tis well."

And with that she drew back the curtain and showed them the statue.

The King gazed and gazed on the beautiful statue of his dead wife, but said nothing.

"I like your silence," said Paulina; "it the more shows off your wonder. But speak, is it not like her?"

"It is almost herself," said the King, "and yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing like so old as this seems."

"Oh, not by much," said Polixenes.

"Ah," said Paulina, "that is the cleverness of the carver, who shows her to us as she would have been, had she lived till now."

And still Leontes looked at the statue and could not take his eyes away.

"If I had known," said Paulina, "that this poor image would so have stirred your grief, and love, I would not have shown it to you."

But he only answered, "Do not draw the curtain."

"No, you must not look any longer," said Paulina, "or you will think it moves."

"Let be! let be!" said the King. "Would you not think it breathed?"

"I will draw the curtain," said Paulina; "you will think it lives presently."

"Ah, sweet Paulina," said Leontes, "make me to think so twenty years together."

HERMIONE.

"If you can bear it," said Paulina, "I can make the statue move, make it come down and take you by the hand. Only you would think it was by wicked magic."

"Whatever you can make her do, I am content to look on," said the King.

And then, all folks there admiring and beholding, the statue moved from its pedestal, and came down the steps and put its arms round the King's neck, and he held her face and kissed her many times, for this was no statue, but the real living Queen Hermione herself. She had lived hidden, by Paulina's kindness, all these years, and would not discover herself to her husband, though she knew he had repented, because she could not quite forgive him till she knew what had become of her little baby.

Now that Perdita was found, she forgave her husband everything, and it

was like a new and beautiful marriage to them, to be together once more.

Florizel and Perdita were married and lived long and happily.

To Leontes his many years of suffering were well paid for in the moment when, after long grief and pain, he felt the arms of his true love around him once again.

MACBETH.

WHEN a person is asked to tell the story of Macbeth, he can tell two stories. One is of a man called Macbeth who came to the throne of Scotland by a crime in the year of our Lord 1039, and reigned justly and well, on the

whole, for fifteen years or more. This story is part of Scottish history. The other story issues from a place called Imagination; it is gloomy and wonderful, and you shall hear it.

A year or two before Edward the Confessor began to rule England, a battle was won in Scotland against a Norwegian King by two generals named Macbeth and Banquo. After the battle, the generals walked together towards Forres, in Elginshire, where Duncan, King of Scotland, was awaiting them.

While they were crossing a lonely heath, they saw three bearded women, sisters, hand in hand, withered in appearance and wild in their attire.

"Speak, who are you?" demanded Macbeth.

"Hail, Macbeth, chieftain of Glamis," said the first woman.

"Hail, Macbeth, chieftain of Cawdor," said the second woman.

"Hail, Macbeth, King that is to be," said the third woman.

Then Banquo asked, "What of me?" and the third woman replied, "Thou shalt be the father of kings."

"Tell me more," said Macbeth. "By my father's death I am chieftain of Glamis, but the chieftain of Cawdor lives, and the King lives, and his children live. Speak, I charge you!"

The women replied only by vanishing, as though suddenly mixed with the air.

Banquo and Macbeth knew then that they had been addressed by witches, and were discussing their prophecies when two nobles approached. One of them thanked Macbeth, in the King's name, for his military services, and the other said, "He bade me call you chieftain of Cawdor."

Macbeth then learned that the man who had yesterday borne that title was

to die for treason, and he could not help thinking, "The third witch called me, 'King that is to be.'"

"Banquo," he said, "you see that the witches spoke truth concerning me. Do you not believe, therefore, that your child and grandchild will be kings?"

Banquo frowned. Duncan had two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, and he deemed it disloyal to hope that his son Fleance should rule Scotland. He told Macbeth that the witches might have intended to tempt them both into villainy by their prophecies concerning the throne. Macbeth, however, thought the prophecy that he should be King too pleasant to keep to himself, and he mentioned it to his wife in a letter.

Lady Macbeth was the grand-daughter of a King of Scotland who had died in defending his crown against the King who preceded Duncan, and by whose order her only brother was slain.

To her, Duncan was a reminder of bitter wrongs. Her husband had royal blood in his veins, and when she read his letter, she was determined that he should be King.

When a messenger arrived to inform her that Duncan would pass a night in Macbeth's castle, she nerved herself for a very base action.

She told Macbeth almost as soon as she saw him that Duncan must spend a sunless morrow. She meant that Duncan must die, and that the dead are blind. "We will speak further," said Macbeth uneasily, and at night, with his memory full of Duncan's kind words, he would fain have spared his guest.

"Would you live a coward?" demanded Lady Macbeth, who seems to have thought that morality and cowardice were the same.

"I dare do all that may become a

man," replied Macbeth; "who dare do more is none."

"Why did you write that letter to

me?" she inquired fiercely, and with bitter words she egged him on to murder, and with cunning words she showed him how to do it.

After supper Duncan went to bed, and two grooms were placed on guard at his bedroom door. Lady Macbeth caused them to drink wine till they were stupefied. She then took their daggers and would have killed the King herself if his sleeping face had not looked like her father's.

Macbeth came later, and found the daggers lying by the grooms; and soon with red hands he appeared before his wife, saying, "Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more! Macbeth destroys the sleeping.'"

"Wash your hands," said she. "Why did you not leave the daggers by the grooms? Take them back, and smear the grooms with blood."

"I dare not," said Macbeth.

His wife dared, and she returned to him with hands red as his own, but a heart less white, she proudly told him, for she scorned his fear.

The murderers heard a knocking, and Macbeth wished it was a knocking which could wake the dead. It was the knocking of Macduff, the chieftain of Fife, who had been told by Duncan to visit him early. Macbeth went to him, and showed him the door of the King's room.

Macduff entered, and came out again crying, "O horror! horror! horror!"

Macbeth appeared as horror-stricken as Macduff, and pretending that he could not bear to see life in Duncan's murderers, he slew the two grooms with their own daggers before they could proclaim their innocence.

These murders did not shriek out, and Macbeth was crowned at Scone. One of Duncan's sons went to Ireland, the

other to England. Macbeth was King. But he was discontented. The prophecy concerning Banquo oppressed his mind. If Fleance were to rule, a son of Macbeth would not rule. Macbeth determined, therefore, to murder both Banquo and his son. He hired two ruffians, who slew Banquo one night when he was on his way with Fleance to a banquet which Macbeth

was giving to his nobles. Fleance escaped.

Meanwhile Macbeth and his Queen received their guests very graciously, and he expressed a wish for them which has been uttered thousands of times since his day—"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."

"We pray your Majesty to sit with us," said Lennox, a Scotch noble; but ere Macbeth could reply, the ghost of Banquo entered the banqueting hall and sat in Macbeth's place.

Not noticing the ghost, Macbeth observed that, if Banquo were present, he could say that he had collected under his roof the choicest chivalry of Scotland. Macduff, however, had curtly declined his invitation.

The King was again pressed to take a seat, and Lennox, to whom Banquo's ghost was invisible, showed him the chair where it sat.

But Macbeth, with his eyes of genius, saw the ghost. He saw it like a form of mist and blood, and he demanded passionately, "Which of you have done this?"

Still none saw the ghost but he, and to the ghost Macbeth said, "Thou canst not say I did it."

The ghost glided out, and Macbeth was impudent enough to raise a glass of wine "to the general joy of the whole table, and to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss."

The toast was drunk as the ghost of Banquo entered for the second time.

"Begone!" cried Macbeth. "You are senseless, mindless! Hide in the earth, thou horrible shadow."

Again none saw the ghost but he.

"What is it your Majesty sees?" asked one of the nobles.

The Queen dared not permit an answer to be given to this question.

She hurriedly begged her guests to quit a sick man who was likely to grow worse if he was obliged to talk.

Macbeth, however, was well enough next day to converse with the witches whose prophecies had so depraved him.

He found them in a cavern on a thunderous day. They were revolving round a cauldron in which were boiling particles of many strange and horrible creatures, and they knew he was coming before he arrived.

"Answer me what I ask you," said the King.

"Would you rather hear it from us or our masters?" asked the first witch.

"Call them," replied Macbeth.

Thereupon the witches poured blood into the cauldron and grease into the flame that licked it, and a helmeted head appeared with the visor on, so that Macbeth could only see its eyes.

He was speaking to the head, when

the first witch said gravely, "He knows thy thought," and a voice in the head said, "Macbeth, beware Macduff, the chieftain of Fife." The head then descended into the cauldron till it disappeared.

"One word more," pleaded Macbeth.

"He will not be commanded," said the first witch, and then a crowned child ascended from the cauldron bearing a tree in his hand. The child said—

> "Macbeth shall be unconquerable till
> The Wood of Birnam climbs Dunsinane Hill."

"That will never be," said Macbeth; and he asked to be told if Banquo's descendants would ever rule Scotland.

The cauldron sank into the earth; music was heard, and a procession of phantom kings filed past Macbeth; behind them was Banquo's ghost. In each king Macbeth saw a likeness to Banquo, and he counted eight kings.

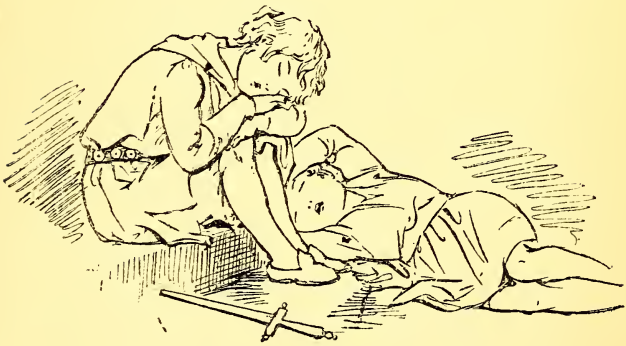
Then he was suddenly left alone.

His next proceeding was to send murderers to Macduff's castle. They did not find Macduff, and asked Lady Macduff where he was. She gave a stinging answer, and her questioner called Macduff a traitor. "Thou liest!" shouted Macduff's little son, who was immediately stabbed, and with his last breath entreated his mother to fly. The murderers did not leave the castle while one of its inmates remained alive.

Macduff was in England listening, with Malcolm, to a doctor's tale of cures wrought by Edward the Confessor when his friend Ross came to tell him that his wife and children were no more. At first Ross dared not speak the truth, and turn Macduff's bright sympathy with sufferers relieved by royal virtue into sorrow and hatred. But when Malcolm said that England

was sending an army into Scotland against Macbeth, Ross blurted out his news, and Macduff cried, "*All* dead, did you say? *All* my pretty ones and their mother? Did you say *all?*"

His sorry hope was in revenge, but if he could have looked into Macbeth's castle on Dunsinane Hill, he would have seen at work a force more solemn than revenge. Retribution was working, for Lady Macbeth was mad. She walked in her sleep amid ghastly dreams. She was wont to wash her



hands for a quarter of an hour at a time; but after all her washing, would still see a red spot of blood upon her skin. It was pitiful to hear her cry that all the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten her little hand.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" inquired Macbeth of the doctor, but the doctor replied that his patient must minister to her own mind. This reply gave Macbeth a scorn of medicine. "Throw physic to the dogs," he said; "I'll none of it."

One day he heard a sound of women crying. An officer approached him and said, "The Queen, your Majesty, is dead." "Out, brief candle," muttered Macbeth, meaning that life was like a candle, at the mercy of a puff of air. He did not weep; he was too familiar with death.

Presently a messenger told him that he saw Birnam Wood on the march.

Macbeth called him a liar and a slave, and threatened to hang him if he had made a mistake. "If you are right you can hang me," he said.

From the turret windows of Dunsinane Castle, Birnam Wood did indeed appear to be marching. Every soldier of the English army held aloft a bough which he had cut from a tree in that wood, and like human trees they climbed Dunsinane Hill.

Macbeth had still his courage. He went to battle to conquer or die, and the first thing he did was to kill the English general's son in single combat. Macbeth then felt that no man could fight him and live, and when Macduff came to him blazing for revenge, Macbeth said to him, "Go back; I have spilt too much of your blood already."

"My voice is in my sword," replied Macduff, and hacked at him and bade him yield.

"I will not yield!" said Macbeth, but his last hour had struck. He fell.

Macbeth's men were in retreat when Macduff came before Malcolm holding a King's head by the hair.

"Hail, King!" he said; and the new King looked at the old.

So Malcolm reigned after Macbeth; but in years that came afterwards the descendants of Banquo were kings.

OTHELLO.

FOUR hundred years ago there lived in Venice an ensign named Iago, who hated his general, Othello, for not making him a lieutenant. Instead of Iago, who was strongly recommended, Othello had chosen Michael Cassio, whose smooth tongue had helped him to win the heart of Desdemona. Iago

had a friend called Roderigo, who supplied him with money and felt he could not be happy unless Desdemona was his wife.

Othello was a Moor, but of so dark a complexion that his enemies called him a Blackamoor. His life had been hard and exciting. He had been vanquished in battle and sold into slavery; and he had been a great traveller and seen men whose shoulders were higher than their heads. Brave as a lion, he had one great fault—jealousy. His love was a terrible selfishness. To love a woman meant with him to possess her as absolutely as he possessed something that did not live and think. The story of Othello is a story of jealousy.

One night Iago told Roderigo that Othello had carried off Desdemona without the knowledge of her father, Brabantio. He persuaded Roderigo to rouse Brabantio, and when that senator

appeared Iago told him of Desdemona's elopement in the most unpleasant way. Though he was Othello's officer, he termed him a thief and a Barbary horse.

Brabantio accused Othello before the Duke of Venice of using sorcery to fascinate his daughter, but Othello said that the only sorcery he used was his voice, which told Desdemona his adventures and hair-breadth escapes. Desdemona was led into the council-chamber, and she explained how she could love Othello despite his almost black face by saying, "I saw Othello's visage in his mind."

As Othello had married Desdemona, and she was glad to be his wife, there was no more to be said against him, especially as the Duke wished him to go to Cyprus to defend it against the Turks. Othello was quite ready to go, and Desdemona, who pleaded to go with

OTHELLO.

him, was permitted to join him at Cyprus.

Othello's feelings on landing in this island were intensely joyful. "Oh, my sweet," he said to Desdemona, who arrived with Iago, his wife, and Roderigo before him, "I hardly know what I say to you. I am in love with my own happiness."

News coming presently that the Turkish fleet was out of action, he proclaimed a festival in Cyprus from five to eleven at night.

Cassio was on duty in the Castle where Othello ruled Cyprus, so Iago decided to make the lieutenant drink too much. He had some difficulty, as Cassio knew that wine soon went to his head, but servants brought wine into the room where Cassio was, and Iago sang a drinking song, and so Cassio lifted a glass too often to the health of the general.

When Cassio was inclined to be quarrelsome, Iago told Roderigo to say something unpleasant to him. Cassio cudgelled Roderigo, who ran into the presence of Montano, the ex-governor. Montano civilly interceded for Roderigo, but received so rude an answer from Cassio that he said, "Come, come, you're drunk!" Cassio then wounded him, and Iago sent Roderigo out to scare the town with a cry of mutiny.

The uproar aroused Othello, who, on learning its cause, said, "Cassio, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine."

On Cassio and Iago being alone together, the disgraced man moaned about his reputation. Iago said reputation and humbug were the same thing. "O God," exclaimed Cassio, without heeding him, "that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

Iago advised him to beg Desdemona

to ask Othello to pardon him. Cassio was pleased with the advice, and next morning made his request to Desdemona in the garden of the castle. She was kindness itself, and said, "Be merry, Cassio, for I would rather die than forsake your cause."

Cassio at that moment saw Othello advancing with Iago, and retired hurriedly.

Iago said, "I don't like that."

"What did you say?" asked Othello, who felt that he had meant something unpleasant, but Iago pretended he had said nothing. "Was not that Cassio who went from my wife?" asked Othello, and Iago, who knew that it was Cassio and why it was Cassio, said, "I cannot think it was Cassio who stole away in that guilty manner."

Desdemona told Othello that it was grief and humility which made Cassio retreat at his approach. She reminded

him how Cassio had taken his part when she was still heart-free, and found fault with her Moorish lover. Othello was melted, and said, "I will deny thee nothing," but Desdemona told him that what she asked was as much for his good as dining.

Desdemona left the garden, and Iago asked if it was really true that Cassio had known Desdemona before her marriage. "Yes," said Othello. "Indeed," said Iago, as though something that had mystified him was now very clear.

"Is he not honest?" demanded Othello, and Iago repeated the adjective inquiringly, as though he were afraid to say "No."

"What do you mean?" insisted Othello.

To this Iago would only say the flat opposite of what he said to Cassio. He had told Cassio that reputation was humbug. To Othello he said, "Who

steals my purse steals trash, but he who filches from me my good name ruins me."

At this Othello almost leapt into the air, and Iago was so confident of his jealousy that he ventured to warn him against it. Yes, it was no other than Iago who called jealousy "the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on."

Iago having given jealousy one blow, proceeded to feed it with the remark that Desdemona deceived her father when she eloped with Othello. "If she deceived him, why not you?" was his meaning.

Presently Desdemona re-entered to tell Othello that dinner was ready. She saw that he was ill at ease. He explained it by a pain in his forehead. Desdemona then produced a handkerchief, which Othello had given her. A prophetess, two hundred years old, had

made this handkerchief from the silk of sacred silkworms, dyed it in a liquid prepared from the hearts of maidens, and embroidered it with strawberries. Gentle Desdemona thought of it simply

as a cool, soft thing for a throbbing brow; she knew of no spell upon it that would work destruction for her who lost it. "Let me tie it round your head," she said to Othello; "you will be well in an hour." But Othello pettishly said it was too small, and let it fall. Desdemona and he then went indoors to dinner, and Emilia picked up the handkerchief which Iago had often asked her to steal.

She was looking at it when Iago came in. After a few words about it he snatched it from her, and bade her leave him.

In the garden he was joined by Othello, who seemed hungry for the worst lies he could offer. He therefore told Othello that he had seen Cassio wipe his mouth with a handkerchief, which, because it was spotted with strawberries, he guessed to be one that Othello had given his wife.

The unhappy Moor went mad with fury, and Iago bade the heavens witness that he devoted his hand and heart and brain to Othello's service. "I accept your love," said Othello. "Within three days let me hear that Cassio is dead."

Iago's next step was to leave Desdemona's handkerchief in Cassio's room. Cassio saw it, and knew it was not his, but he liked the strawberry pattern on it, and he gave it to his sweetheart Bianca and asked her to copy it for him.

Iago's next move was to induce Othello, who had been bullying Desdemona about the handkerchief, to play the eavesdropper to a conversation between Cassio and himself. His intention was to talk about Cassio's sweetheart, and allow Othello to suppose that the lady spoken of was Desdemona.

"How are you, lieutenant?" asked Iago when Cassio appeared.

"The worse for being called what I am not," replied Cassio, gloomily.

"Keep on reminding Desdemona, and you'll soon be restored," said Iago, adding, in a tone too low for Othello to hear, "If Bianca could set the matter right, how quickly it would mend!"

"Alas! poor rogue," said Cassio, "I really think she loves me," and like the talkative coxcomb he was, Cassio was led on to boast of Bianca's fondness for him, while Othello imagined, with choked rage, that he prattled of Desdemona, and thought, "I see your nose, Cassio, but not the dog I shall throw it to."

Othello was still spying when Bianca entered, boiling over with the idea that Cassio, whom she considered her property, had asked her to copy the embroidery on the handkerchief of a new sweetheart. She tossed him the handkerchief with scornful words, and Cassio departed with her.

Othello had seen Bianca, who was in station lower, in beauty and speech inferior far, to Desdemona, and he began in spite of himself to praise his wife to the villain before him. He praised her skill with the needle, her voice that could "sing the savageness out of a bear," her wit, her sweetness, the fairness of her skin. Every time he praised her Iago said something that made him remember his anger and utter it foully, and yet he must needs praise her, and say, "The pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!"

There was never in all Iago's villainy one moment of wavering. If there had been he might have wavered then.

"Strangle her," he said; and "Good, good!" said his miserable dupe.

The pair were still talking murder when Desdemona appeared with a relative of Desdemona's father, called Lodovico, who bore a letter for Othello

from the Duke of Venice. The letter recalled Othello from Cyprus, and gave the governorship to Cassio.

Luckless Desdemona seized this unhappy moment to urge once more the suit of Cassio.

"Fire and brimstone!" shouted Othello.

"It may be the letter agitates him," explained Lodovico to Desdemona, and he told her what it contained.

"I am glad," said Desdemona. It was the first bitter speech that Othello's unkindness had wrung out of her.

"I am glad to see you lose your temper," said Othello.

"Why, sweet Othello?" she asked, sarcastically; and Othello slapped her face.

Now was the time for Desdemona to have saved her life by separation, but she knew not her peril—only that her love was wounded to the core. "I have

not deserved this," she said, and the tears rolled slowly down her face.

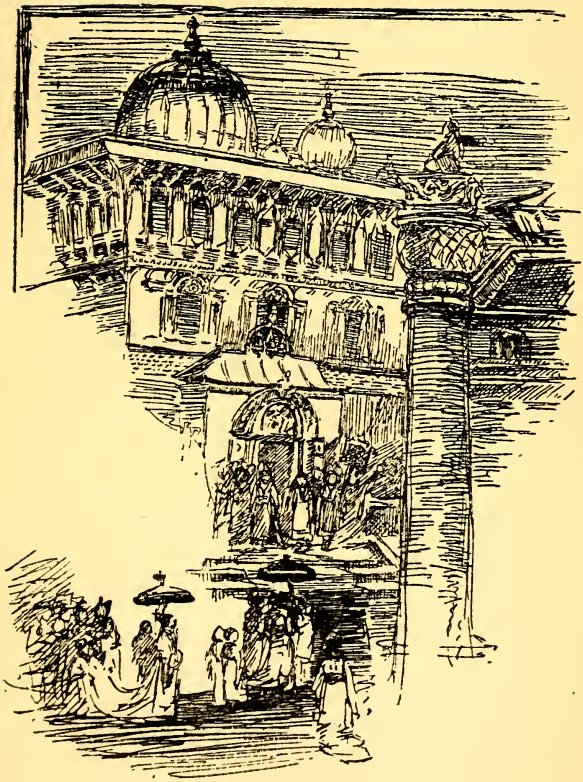
Lodovico was shocked and disgusted. "My lord," he said, "this would not be believed in Venice. Make her amends;" but, like a madman talking in his nightmare, Othello poured out his foul thought in ugly speech, and roared, "Out of my sight!"

"I will not stay to offend you," said his wife, but she lingered even in going, and only when he shouted "Avaunt!" did she leave her husband and his guests.

Othello then invited Lodovico to supper, adding, "You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and monkeys!" Without waiting for a reply he left the company.

Distinguished visitors detest being obliged to look on at family quarrels, and dislike being called either goats or monkeys, and Lodovico asked Iago for an explanation.

True to himself, Iago, in a round-



about way, said that Othello was worse than he seemed, and advised them to

study his behaviour and save him from the discomfort of answering any more questions.

He proceeded to tell Roderigo to murder Cassio. Roderigo was out of tune with his friend. He had given Iago quantities of jewels for Desdemona without effect; Desdemona had seen none of them, for Iago was a thief.

Iago smoothed him with a lie, and when Cassio was leaving Bianca's house, Roderigo wounded him, and was wounded in return. Cassio shouted, and Lodovico and a friend came running up. Cassio pointed out Roderigo as his assailant, and Iago, hoping to rid himself of an inconvenient friend, called him "Villain!" and stabbed him, but not to death.

At the Castle, Desdemona was in a sad mood. She told Emilia that she must leave her; her husband wished it.

"Dismiss me!" exclaimed Emilia. "It was his bidding," said Desdemona; "we must not displease him now."

She sang a song which a girl had sung whose lover had been base to her —a song of a maiden crying by that

tree whose boughs droop as though it weeps, and she went to bed and slept.

She woke with her husband's wild eyes upon her. "Have you prayed to-night?" he asked; and he told this blameless and sweet woman to ask God's pardon for any sin she might have on her conscience. "I would not kill thy soul," he said.

He told her that Cassio had confessed, but she knew Cassio had nought to confess that concerned her. She said that Cassio could not say anything that would damage her. Othello said his mouth was stopped.

Then Desdemona wept, but with violent words, in spite of all her pleading, Othello pressed upon her throat and mortally hurt her.

Then with boding heart came Emilia, and besought entrance at the door, and Othello unlocked it, and a voice came

from the bed saying, "A guiltless death I die."

"Who did it?" cried Emilia; and the voice said, "Nobody—I myself. Farewell!"

"'Twas I that killed her," said Othello.

He poured out his evidence by that sad bed to the people who came running in, Iago among them; but when he spoke of the handkerchief, Emilia told the truth.

And Othello knew. "Are there no stones in heaven but thunderbolts?" he exclaimed, and ran at Iago, who gave Emilia her death-blow and fled.

But they brought him back, and the death that came to him later on was a relief from torture.

They would have taken Othello back to Venice to try him there, but he escaped them on his sword. "A word or two before you go," he said to the Venetians in the chamber. "Speak of me as I was—no better, no worse. Say I cast away the pearl of pearls, and wept with these hard eyes; and say that, when in Aleppo years ago I saw a

Turk beating a Venetian, I took him by the throat and smote him thus."

With his own hand he stabbed himself to the heart; and ere he died his lips touched the face of Desdemona with despairing love.

A SELECTION FROM

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS' Publications.

THE CHILDREN'S GEM LIBRARY.

A series of 18 cloth-bound Story Books by the most popular Writers for Children. Illustrated in colour and black and white. Sixty-four pages.

25c. each, or Six Books complete in fancy case, 1.50.

CHILDREN'S STORIES BY POPULAR AUTHORS.

1. **Effie's Little Mother,** by Rosa Nouchette Carey.
2. **Tic-tac-too,** by L. T. Meade.
3. **Betsy Brian's Needle,** by M. A. Hoyer.
4. **The Seven Plaits of Nettles,** by Edric Vredenburg.
5. **The Rainbow Queen,** by E. Nesbit.
6. **Mildred and Her Mills,** by Nora Chesson.

CHILDREN'S STORIES FROM DICKENS.

Told by Mary A. Dickens, Edric Vredenburg, Nora Chesson, and others.

7. **Little David Copperfield and other Stories**
8. **Tiny Tim** do. do.
9. **Jenny Wren** do. do.
10. **The Blind Toy-Maker** do. do.
11. **Little Paul Dombey** do. do.
12. **The Runaway Couple** do. do.

CHILDREN'S STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Told by E. Nesbit, etc.

13. **The Winter's Tale**
14. **Romeo and Juliet**
15. **A Midsummer Night's Dream**
16. **Cymbeline**
17. **The Taming of the Shrew**
18. **The Merchant of Venice**

FATHER TUCK'S "GOLDEN GIFT" SERIES.

Board Covers, 50c. each. Cloth Binding, 75c. each.

An exceptional line of Juvenile Books, each consisting of seventy-two pages of good quality paper. Fifty-six pages are illustrated in Black and White, sixteen pages printed in Two Colours, and frontispiece in Full Colour. The illustrations are by well-known and favourite artists, the letterpress being interesting, amusing and instructive. The Books are bound in Strong Boards with an attractive illustration in Full Colour, and are also in Cloth binding in a variety of shades.

Days of Delight. Tales told by E. Nesbit, M. A. Hoyer, etc., etc. With pictures by T. Noyes Lewis, Hilda Cowham, etc., etc.

Granny's Stories. By Nora Chesson, Margery Williams, Grace C. Floyd, etc., etc. Pictured by M. A. Attwell, Frances Brundage, etc. etc.

Our Favourites. With verses by Grace C. Floyd, Gladys Davidson, etc., illustrated by W. Foster, G. H. Thompson, M. F. Taylor, etc., etc.

Picture Pages. Verses by Clifton Bingham, H. M. Burnside, Grace C. Floyd, etc., and illustrations by M. Bowley, Hilda Cowham, Frances Brundage, etc., etc.

The Children's Hour. Stories and verses by E. Nesbit, Norman Gale, etc., etc. Pictured by E. M. and M. F. Taylor, A. Dixon, etc., etc.

To Nursery Land with Louis Wain. Illustrations by Louis Wain. With verses by Clifton Bingham, S. K. Cowham, etc., etc.

BOOKS BY T. E. DONNISON, *etc.*

Picture boards, One Dollar each.

Odds and Ends and Old Friends. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures, rhymes, etc.

Old Fairy Legends, in New Colours, with verses by Nora Chesson. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures and verses.

Rhymes without Reason. Pictured and penned by E. M. and M. F. Taylor. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures and rhymes.

Proverbs Old, Newly Told, by Clifton Bingham. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures and verses.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BOOKS.

Picture boards, One Dollar each. Cloth, 1.50 each.

Picture Stories from the Bible. By Lady Magnus. Many of the most interesting events in the Old Testament, told by Lady Magnus in simple language, and most beautifully illustrated. Twenty-four full-page coloured pictures and numerous illustrations in two colours, by John Lawson, etc. Thirty-six pages. Size 13¾ by 10.

Pictures from "The Life of Christ." UNTEARABLE. Incidents in the New Testament, and Parables and Miracles, exquisitely illustrated and related briefly and simply. Twenty-four full-page coloured pictures and four pages of illustrations, in two colours. 28 pages. Sizes 13¾ by 10.

BY THE REV. CANON DUCKWORTH, D.D., C.V.O.

Sub-Dean of Westminster; Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King.

The Holy Land. Illustrated with forty-nine pictures in colour and black and white, from original drawings, painted in Palestine, by W. J. Webb. Coloured map. Thirty-six pages.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

Author of "Music and Morals," "Arrows in the Air," "Christ and Christianity," etc.

The Child's Life of Jesus. Illustrated with twenty full-page coloured and forty-three black and white pictures. One hundred pages.

HUMOROUS BOOKS BY LOUIS WAIN.

Big Dogs, Little Dogs, Cats and Kittens. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures with letterpress.

At the Pantomime with Louis Wain. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures with verses.

In Storyland with Louis Wain. Cats as Fairyland and Sporting Characters with verses. On strong untearable leaves. Twenty-four full-page coloured pictures, and four black and white.

In Cat and Dog Land with Louis Wain. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures with verses.

FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX PAGES.
Every Page Illustrated.

Edited by EDRIC VREDENBURG.

A truly excellent production of enthralling interest and amusement, containing all sorts of pictures in colour and black and white by some of the leading artists, illustrating stories in prose and poetry, songs, etc., by well-known contributors. Eight coloured illustrations. 256 pages.

Picture boards	1.25
Cloth, bevelled, gilt edges	2.00

FATHER TUCK'S "MIGHTY MIDGET" SERIES.

ILLUMINATED BOARD COVERS.

The Jungle Baby. An attractive miniature volume, containing a charmingly told little story of the Jungle, illustrated with twenty-four coloured pictures. Ninety-six pages 25c.

The Lad who Always did his Best. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures and letterpress, all most quaint and original. Two stories.
Picture boards 15c.

The Boy, the Piano, and the Baby. Thirty-six pages of coloured and black and white pictures and letterpress, full of delightful humour. Two stories.
Picture boards 15c.

The Five Little Pigs. Thirty-six pages of black and white pictures and letterpress illustrating and detailing the further adventures of "The Five Little Pigs," so well known to nursery inmates.
Picture boards 15c.

The Boy and his Presence of Mind and **Nurse is Always Right.** Thirty-six pages of black and white pictures and letterpress by C. M. Fry. Very striking and amusing.
Picture boards 15c.

FATHER TUCK'S PATENT PAINTBOX POST CARD PAINTING BOOKS.

WITH PALETTE AND PAINTS.

Each book contains enough paint to colour all the pictures with the tints used in the copies. All that the young artist will require will be a brush and a glass of water. Oval palettes are cut through the upper portion of the pages, with novel and most attractive effect, and the colours are thus handy for use. These books are patented.

Each post card is perforated all around, so that it can be detached and sent through the post when painted.

Father Tuck's Paintbox Post Card Painting Book Series, containing twenty-four post cards in colour and twenty-four post cards in outline, and water colours prepared for use.

Father Tuck's Palette Post Card Painting Book. Pictures of various objects, such as ships, carriages, fruit, furniture, etc. Patented 25c.

Father Tuck's Welcome Post Card Painting Book. Pictures of toys, articles used in sport, etc. Patented 25c.

Father Tuck's Paintbox Post Card Painting Book Series, containing twelve post cards in colour and twelve post cards in outline, and water colours prepared for use

Father Tuck's Favourite Post Card Painting Book. Patented 15c.

Father Tuck's Playtime Post Card Painting Book. Patented 15c.

Father Tuck's Toyland Post Card Painting Book. Patented 15c.

Father Tuck's Kindergarten Post Card Painting Book. Patented 15c.

FAIRY TALES, etc.

Untearable leaves, Picture boards, 1.50 each.

With Father Tuck to Fairyland. Re-told by Edric Vredenburg and others. One hundred pages of the old familiar Fairy Tales, illustrated with twenty pages in colour, and numerous black and white pictures.

With Father Tuck to Nurseryland. Edited by Edric Vredenburg. One hundred pages of the old nursery favourites, illustrated with twenty pages in colour, and eighty pages in black and white.

With Father Tuck to Animal Land. Edited by Edric Vredenburg. One hundred pages of pictures and stories. Twenty pages in full colour.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Illustrated with sixty-nine pictures in colour and black and white, by E. J. Andrews and S. Jacobs. Edited by Edric Vredenburg.
Picture boards 1.50

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illustrated with ninety-five pictures in colour and black and white, by E. J. Andrews and S. Jacobs. Edited by Edric Vredenburg.
Bound in Cloth, bevelled, gilt edges 2.50

FATHER TUCK'S INDESTRUCTIBLE BOARD SERIES.

CARDBOARD LEAVES THROUGHOUT.

Special attention must be called to this serviceable line of Books, which are practically everlasting wear. Picture boards. Cardboard leaves throughout. Coloured throughout.

Our Farm. Domestic animals 75c.
Father Tuck's Bird A B C. A large variety of birds 50c.
From Storyland. Cinderella, etc., with verses 25c.
Pets and Playmates. Animals, with verses 25c.
Farm Favourites. Pictures of horses, etc., with verses 25c.
By Road and Rail. Full pages, with verses 25c.
From Fairyland. Well-known fairy-tale characters 25c.
Animal Friends. Pretty, full-page pictures of farm scenes 25c.
Pictures from the Bible. Pictures with simple descriptions 25c.
Bible Pictures. The histories of Joseph and Moses 25c.

FATHER TUCK'S PANORAMA BOARD SERIES.

COLOURED THROUGHOUT.

Twenty pages of beautiful coloured pictures folding into the form of a book, but opening out and standing firmly with a most attractive panoramic effect, and thus to be used as a plaything. Pictures on both sides and letterpress.

To Nursery Land. Full-page pictures of The Three Bears, Three Kittens, etc., etc. 50c.

Old Friends. Full-page pictures of Nursery Rhymes, etc. 50c.

Pictureland. Full-page pictures of children, fairy tales, etc. 25c.

Twice Ten Cats. Comical cats, by Louis Wain 25c.

BABY BOOKS.

Size 7½ by 5 inches. 32 pages, with 4 illustrations in colour.

Our Baby.	Moire Antique.	
	Paper boards	50c.
,,	Padded cloth	75c.
,,	Padded silk	1.00

Size 10 by 7½.

Baby's Book.	Cloth boards	1.50
,,	Padded cloth	2.00
,,	Padded silk	2.50

Size 12¼ by 9¼ inches.
96 pages of text and illustrations and 8 full-sized coloured plates.

Padded cloth	5.00
Padded silk	7.50

FATHER TUCK'S INDESTRUCTIBLE CALICO BOOKS.

PRINTED DIRECT ON TUCK'S WASHABLE CALICO.

These books are practically unspoilable. The colours are fast, so that they may, with perfect safety, be given to the smallest baby that, attracted by the bright pictures, finds pleasure in appropriating them as playthings; and, being made of washable material, they can always be kept in a wholesome condition. Ten pages, coloured throughout.

All My Dollies. Twenty-four full-page dolls of all descriptions 1.00

Field Friends. Full-page pictures of domestic animals 75c.

Nursery Hours. Full-page pictures of favourite nursery characters, etc. 75c.

TEN PAGES. COLOURED THROUGHOUT.

Dollyland. Twelve full-page dolls of various kinds 50c.

Dolly Dear. Twelve full-page boy dolls and girl dolls 50c.

SIX PAGES. COLOURED THROUGHOUT.

Each containing eight full-page dolls, all different. Twenty-four dolls in the four books.

Little Fisherman 25c.

Baby Dolly 25c.

Happy Dollies 25c.

FATHER TUCK'S INDESTRUCTIBLE NURSERY MATS, NURSERY CURTAINS AND BED-SPREADS.

PRINTED DIRECT ON WASHABLE CALICO.

These Washable Calico Nursery Mats, Curtains, and Bed-spreads are of a most durable and attractive character. With their brightly coloured yet artistic pictures, which when washed retain their brilliant hues, they will be popular both in day and night nurseries, where they may be utilised in many ways.

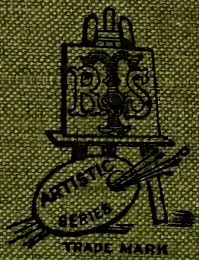
FATHER TUCK'S INDESTRUCTIBLE NURSERY MATS.

Forty cents each. Eyeletted at the four corners.

THE ANIMAL A B C. Animals, Birds, and Large Letters.

NURSERY RHYMES. Favourite Nursery Rhymes, illustrated.

OUR DOLLIES. Dolls of various descriptions.


ARTISTIC
SERIES
TRADE MARK